The Times' Daily Short Story.

MY TITIAN HAIR

[Original.]

"Dear old Mrs. Turnlee! She was always trying to do something for me, always laying plans for my future. When I was left a penniless orphan at sixteen she took me to her home and treated me as a daughter. She was influenced in this by the absence of her only child, a young man of twenty, who had just departed for a three years' course at a German university. She grew so fond of me that she conceived the idea of marrying me to her son, who would inherit her property. His likenesses were in every room in the house, and they were by no means unattractive.

When Adelbert Turnlee left Germany for home, I had just recovered from a fever, during which my head had been shaved, leaving it as smooth as a billiard ball, and at the time of his return my hair was about the length of that on a mouse's back. I thought I looked very piquant, but Mrs. Turnlee was greatly distressed. "How unfortunate," she exclaimed. "I know this temporary defect will turn Bert against you. He is artistic in his taste and readily influenced by beauty or defect. If your beautiful golden hair were its full length it alone might win him. What a pity! What a pity!"

The dear old lady was so disappointed that I set my wits to work to supply the deficiency.

"What do you say to a wig?" I asked.

"The very thing."

But she was in a quandary as to her son's favorite color for hair. He had expressed himself as averse either to black or blond or red, she couldn't remember which. But she found something he had written wherein occurred the words "beautiful Titian hair," and she concluded that the wig should be that color. The one she selected I thought to be too near a red, but as the hair merchant declared that it was true "Titian" Mrs. Turnlee was convinced and paid an exorbitant price for it.

Up to the time of the arrival of the expected victim I had taken little or no thought as to my own part in it, yielding to Mrs. Turnlee as I would humor a child in getting up a charade, but when I came to play the role of a fisher for a husband my maiden nature revolted. When Mrs. Turnlee was present I succeeded in treating Adelbert fairly well, but when she was absent my demeanor at once became reserved. However, this did not seem to be of much consequence, for, though he seemed to enjoy chatting with me, I could not discover the slightest indication of a lover like emotion. To tell the truth, I was at a disadvantage under my wig. I often caught Adelbert looking at it with a singular expression and suspected that he knew I wore a mask on my head. Be this as it may, a month passed, during which I was convinced that as a "thing of beauty" I was not "a joy forever" to Adelbert Turnlee. But we became excellent friends, and when we parted he declared that he would miss my companionship very much. I took the polite speech for what I considered it worth and made one equally polite.

He returned to Europe to fit himself for a professorship and was gone two years. Meanwhile my own luxuriant locks had grown to their full length, and as I stood combing them before the glass I confess I thought them very pretty. If they could only be a "Titian" and I could meet Mr. Turnlee again, not feeling that I was trying to make a dupe of him, perhaps his mother might have her wish. I was quite sure he would not care for the pale shade of my natural hair, so much less pronounced than that of my castoff wig.

One day he came. His mother was very ill, and I had cabled for him. I did not expect him for several days after the day on which he arrived. I was holding his mother in my arms when the door opened, and he came hurriedly into the room. He cast an anxious glance at her, but it was impossible for him to keep his gaze fixed on her, and he turned, for he had evidently been caught by my flaxen hair.

"What in the name of"—

He stopped short and after kissing his mother affectionately asked a multitude of questions concerning her. When he had learned that she was convalescent and would soon be well he breathed a sigh of relief. Then he looked again at my hair. I explained the occasion of my having been obliged to don a wig to conceal my shaved pate.

"If you had chosen any color," he said, "except that frightful red I should have detected that which I now see so plainly. I detest red hair."

"What do you see plainly?" asked Mrs. Turnlee.

"Mother, you force me to speak too plainly. Now that your beloved is free from that hades tinted wig she is a very pretty girl."

"Hades tinted!" said the old lady feebly. "I thought it was 'Titian.'"

"I confess," Adelbert went on to me, "to an absurd prejudice I conceived for you on account of your hair. I noticed and admired you for those traits that endeared you to my mother, your unselfishness, your tact, your natural amiability, besides appreciating your intellectual gifts. But I could never feel drawn toward a redheaded girl. I one night caught a glimpse of a mouse headed fairy flitting through the hall and was delighted. I wonder if it was not you?"

"It must have been."

"The image of that head has been with me for ten years. It caught my fancy and"—

Later he told me that it had caught his heart. So the dear lady got her wish after all.

ROSAMOND ALICIA BUDD.

VERESCHAGIN IN BATTLE.

Bravery of the Russian Artist In an Asiatic Campaign.

The late Vassili Vereschagin, the distinguished Russian artist and greatest of modern battle painters, accompanied General Kauffman, who undertook the conquest of Tartary, Bokhara and the Pamirs, pushing the Russian domain up to the very gate of India, says the Washington Post. M. Vereschagin accompanied the expedition, remaining throughout the entire campaign. The two paintings that made him famous, the "Kirghez Head Hunters" and "Russians Surprised by Tartars," were the result of this trip.

The first is a life size painting of a group of wild Kirghez Tartars who have ridden down and captured some Russians, whose heads they are carrying as trophies back to their encampment. The other represents an action in which the artist was personally engaged. Riding one day with an advance guard of cavalry and taking hasty sketches of the central Asia topography, they were suddenly surrounded and cut off by a large body of Tartar cavalry. A bloody engagement followed, both sides fighting desperately, for in this campaign neither side gave quarter.

The artist was thrown to the ground and almost killed as a result of his horse being shot and instantly killed running at full speed. The result of this was that he was cut off from the command, along with one of his friends, an officer of the detachment, who had been seriously wounded and had fallen from his horse. With magnificent courage Vereschagin, stunned and his face covered with blood, sprang to his feet and, standing over the prostrate form of the wounded officer, emptied two revolvers, ten shots in all, at the mob of howling Tartars closing in on them, bringing down a savage at every shot. The timely appearance on the scene of the main column was all that saved the pair.

Later in this same campaign Vereschagin made his temporary headquarters in the ancient Tartar city of Samarkand, in Asia. The city had fallen into the hands of the Russians only a short time before his arrival, and General Kauffman, thinking that a small garrison would be sufficient to hold it, left the place in charge of 500 Russians and departed with the main body of the army to reduce Bokhara. A few days later a force of 20,000 Tartars appeared on the scene and laid siege to the town. Vereschagin held no command whatever, but rather than see the Russians lose this important stronghold he assumed command and for five days held out against the overwhelming force of Tartars until General Kauffman, to whom word had been sent, returned to the relief of the beleaguered city.

For this he was decorated by the czar with the cross of St. George, the highest military honor conferred by the Russian government.

Outlook For Formosa.

Japan's first experience in colonial administration is greatly to her credit, says the New York Journal. Formosa bristles with problems, but they are being handled with judgment and skill. The interior is peopled with head hunting savages. They are apparently intractable and are continually harassing workers on tea plantations and in the camphor camps. The prisons are models of industry and cleanliness; fine hospitals, where advanced scientific work is going on, have been established in various centers; railroads are being constructed. Keelung is fortified, and its fine harbor is being deepened, and for the first time in her turbulent career Formosa seems to have a quiet and prosperous future before her.

JAPAN'S JOY IN GIVING.

Whole Nation Contributing to the War Funds.

AMUSEMENT HOUSES DESERTED.

Both Rich and Poor Are Stinting Themselves In Every Possible Way For the Sake of the Men at the Front and Their Families—Women of Every Class Economizing In All Directions—Remarkable Cases of Self Sacrifice.

Japan is stinting itself as America did during the civil war and for the same double purpose—that the armies may be kept in the field and the burdens of those dependent on the nation's defenders lessened if not altogether removed, says the Tokyo correspondent of the Washington Star. There is pressing need of national and individual self sacrifice at this time. Already over 2,000 families of soldiers in Tokyo alone are dependent upon the nation's charity for their daily bread—or rice, rather—and what is true in the capital is true throughout Nippon.

Japan is stinting from top to bottom. The high officials, peers and aristocrats have declared off all social engagements. The geisha houses are deserted, and many of them have closed from lack of patronage. So it is with the restaurants. Feasts there and in private houses—the Japanese are ordinarily great indulgers in feasts—are now the uncommon happening. Indeed, there has been no public feast of any sort—and, I dare say, scarcely a private one—since the second day after the first battle at Port Arthur, when the emperor entertained the high officials in celebration of the victory. That has been the single indulgence of the war.

The public school teachers have voluntarily agreed to give over to the various soldiers' aid societies one-tenth of their salaries as long as the war lasts. The housewives in many precincts of Tokyo are giving their pin money. In one precinct they recently contributed 200 yen. Every actor is giving 50 sen a month. The messenger boys have banded together and so far contributed 250 yen, at the rate of 70 to 80 sen a month apiece, for caring for wounded soldiers. The carpenters' wives are forming associations in every precinct and giving according to their means, cutting down on the family table that they may do so.

In Shitaya precinct—a precinct corresponds to an American ward—the janitors in the office buildings have agreed to cut down on their living expenses and give 20 sen (10 cents) per head a week till peace comes again. In the precinct of Shimbashi the Geisha association of 170 odd houses is contributing 200 yen a month, most of this coming from savings, for the income of these houses, as already remarked, has fallen off greatly.

The women, irrespective of class, are economizing in all directions. The Ladies' One Heart society—the Fujiu Isshiuaki—is representative of their organizations. This society embraces the women of the middle class, and its members are saving on their food and their hairdressing and bath money. They visit the baths only once a week now instead of daily. Indeed, every member must make it a point to save something daily for "a bandage for a soldier's leg or rice for his mother's mouth."

Those who cannot pare their expenses because they are down to the bone already are stinting themselves of their leisure time. The errand boys of the wholesale and retail districts have formed an association to make straw sandals for the soldiers after working hours. Each boy manufactures about fifty pairs a week. Some of the boys, not content with this sacrifice, beg waste paper from the stores and go around peddling it, getting 2 cents for every ten pounds of paper and turning the proceeds into a common fund.

The doctors, masseurs and midwives are giving their services free of charge to the families of soldiers, and the rickshaw man, Mukubatu Jisaburo, who saved the czar's life when the latter, as czarowitz, was traveling in Japan, is contributing the pension which the Russian government granted him for his act. He says it is the only way by which he can ease his conscience for receiving money from the nation's enemy at such a time.

Indeed, Nippon is so imbued with the spirit of self sacrifice that it gets well nigh hysterical at times to give. This was illustrated a few days ago when Sonoda Kokichi, formerly president of the Yokohama Specie bank of Japan, during the course of a lecture before the Kokumin Kouyenkai (the Mutual Aid Society For Citizens), called upon the assembled nobles, merchants and bankers to give their jewelry for the amelioration of the conditions among the poor.

Instantly the audience was in an uproar—gold watches, rings, pins, all sorts of personal ornaments, were literally being torn from their fastenings and thrown at the speaker. Several hundred pieces of jewelry, valued at a good many thousand yen, were contributed in a few minutes, and when the meeting was over hardly a person left the hall with a bit of jewelry showing about him. Since then, as one of the newspapers quaintly puts it, "even the officials are afraid to wear rings for fear of being called the models of fools."

Mr. Sonoda has been one of the heaviest individual contributors to the aid societies. The day after the demonstration at his lecture he gave seven gold watches, a chain and 18,000 yen in money. Mr. Sonoda's liberality has made him one of the most popular citizens of Tokyo today.

A banking, mining and dry goods house, which has American and London branches, has, perhaps, made the largest single contribution — 100,000 yen, or $50,000.

By reason of their contributions, which have been made largely to the Red Cross society, the foreigners are universally acclaimed. Miss Ethel Howard, the English governess in the family of Marquis Shimadzu, a feudal lord, is being blessed by the soldiers' families, who have somehow heard of her letter to her employer's attorney in which she states that she declines to accept her salary for six months, wishing it to be used to succor soldiers' families.

But the man who has given his all for the succor of his fellow countrymen is Kinebuchi Sei-ichiro, head of a company doing business in Manchuria and Siberia. He was worth 40,000 rubles when the war broke out. He saw the distress of his countrymen who were in Harbin with him, and he knew of their suffering elsewhere in the enemy's country. So he took his money, gave enough to each Jap to get him out of the country and arranged with German steamers to pick up the refugees at the different ports and carry them to Nagasaki.

In this way hundreds of Japs reached home in safety, but Kinebuchi remained in Harbin, saying that he would not leave until every Jap in Manchuria was safe. Then, he said, he would disguise himself as a Chinaman and escape. But no word has come from Kinebuchi, and no trace can be got of him, and the belief is gradually increasing that he has been caught by the Russians and executed as a spy.

If such is the case, it is safe to assume from the way even the rickshaw men are now praising Kinebuchi's generous act that he will become one of the heroes of the war.

One of the most unusual features of this ecstasy of giving is seen daily on the streets. The country people are bringing their horses by the hundreds into town as their contributions to the welfare of the nation. Before parting with their animals they industriously comb their manes, lavishingly caress them, call them a multitude of pet names and bid them goodby at length. "And the horses," says the Jiji Shimbum, "seem to appreciate the words of their masters and droop their heads in sorrow."

Effacing of Scars.

British officers are having the scars of face wounds removed by the use of light rays. The London Mail says, "The custom is rapidly growing of surgeons sending their patients to have the scars left by operations removed."

CHINESE ROYAL AUTOS.

Imperial Family's Three Touring Cars Are Fitted Like Palaces.

If Japan and Russia make things so interesting in China that the empress dowager and the rest of the imperial family consider it desirable to beat a hasty retreat from Peking, it is altogether likely they will take their departure in automobiles made in Germany, says Frederic William Wile, the Berlin correspondent of the Chicago News. Three magnificent motor wagons of the omnibus touring car type have recently been built in Berlin by order of the Chinese government, and a German engineer has landed at Tientsin for the purpose of initiating a corps of Chinese chauffeurs and mechanics into the mysteries of motoring.

For the present the automobiles will be used to convey the members of the imperial family between the winter and summer palaces at Peking. They are probably the most luxurious motor cars ever constructed. All exterior metal on them is highly polished nickel or brass, while the woodwork is the richest mahogany, embossed with the Chinese imperial arms, the dragon and sun, in colors upon an inlaid yellow background.

The interior is furnished in saloon fashion, the sides consisting of yellow plush bordered in solid gold. The floors are covered with Persian rugs. A magnificent revolving armchair upholstered in yellow silk, with gold trimmings, does service as a throne in these miniature palaces on wheels. At the front end of the equipage, instead of windows, is a massive mahogany cabinet containing beveled mirrors incased in heavy bronze, with a rack for teacups and bric-a-brac.

The rear end of the automobiles is curtained off by heavy yellow silk portieres as a separate apartment for members of the suit accompanying the empress dowager or the emperor, as Chinese court etiquette does not permit any one to remain long in a room with any member of the imperial family.

Menace of the Boll Weevil.

Dr. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist of the United States department of agriculture, says the boll weevil cannot be exterminated and that it is only a question of time when it will invade every one of the cotton states. Plowing their fields in the autumn and keeping up a constant study of and warfare against their enemy are, he says, the only remedy the cotton planters have against the pest. Man has often been confronted, however, with somewhat similar conditions, and, notwithstanding Dr. Howard's prediction, it seems probable that some effective remedy may yet be found against even this minute foe.

Popularity of the Walking Stick.

For the past few years walking sticks have been more generally used by the gentlemen of the frock coat. They will, however, be seen on all occasions during the spring and summer season, says the Sartorial Art Journal. The well groomed man carries his walking stick to business for service all through the day, and the man who spends but a few hours about the business district of town likewise leans on his stick. Some are of white walnut stained with acid to the taste of the owner. English furze is very popular, as are likewise the Madagascar and cherry. Partridge wood and the pimienta are sought, and oak is always in demand. It would be quite impossible to say what style of handle is most favored. Each is good if not clumsy in treatment. Thoroughbreds carry the cane for service rather than to twirl in the hand.

The Poverty Stricken Koreans.

"Not long ago I was in Korea and got a close view of the condition of the people," said Mr. A. McKenzie of Edinburgh to a Washington Post reporter. "In all my travels I never saw such a poverty stricken people as the Koreans. They are just one degree removed from the starvation mark all the time. In fact, it is hardly possible for them to get to any sort of affluent condition, for the minute one shows the least sign of prosperity forthwith the government swoops down on him and taxes him back to poverty. They simply cannot escape their pauper fate."

QUEER JAPANESE RAILROAD.

Its Motive Power Is Furnished by Men.

F. M. Dancy, in the office of the Southeastern Passenger association at Atlanta, gives an interesting account of a funny railroad in Japan where the motive power is furnished by men who run behind and push the cars up the steep grades, says the Atlanta Constitution. Describing the road, Mr. Dancy said: "The Japanese have a two foot gauge railroad from a station near Tokyo over a very hilly and crooked route along the sea for about twenty miles to a bathing resort where there are hot springs and the views of the sea are said to exceed even the loveliest shores of the Mediterranean.

"The cars on this road are nearly cubical and too low for a European of ordinary height to stand in. The first class cars seat only four passengers. These are dispatched in what may be called convoys, usually of three, not coupled, but a few yards apart.

"In front trots the conductor, blowing a horn to warn people at crossings, etc. The motive power on the up grades is furnished by three men pushing each car. These men when a summit is reached mount the footboard by which the car is entered, and so coast down hill, on the long and steep ones at a terrific speed, which carries the car well up the opposite slope and frightens the passengers half out of their wits.

"At the turnouts Japanese girls serve tea and fruit to the passengers and trainmen alike, and on arriving at the terminus (the twenty miles are usually made in four hours) the passengers part from the conductors and wagon pushers with many reverences."

Leather Cannons In Tibetan Warfare

A cablegram from London to the Washington Star says: "Further reports of the fighting between the British expedition and the Tibetans on April 10 speak of leather cannons that were used by the Tibetans. A continuous fire from these antiquated weapons was absolutely harmless. A snow cloud interrupted the fighting. The Gurkhas attached to the expedition ceased fighting and lighted fires. The Tibetans continued the firing, but did no harm. They finally fled in terror. Many of them were found hiding in caves."